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pure love, and make lips so parting with words of prayer as Murillo.

On I went through the Murillo room, leaving my critical friend to revel in seas of Polancos, Valdez Reals, Varelas, Vasquez, and other unknown nonentities, including the rather hopeless Juan de Castillo, Murillo's master, who, compared to Guirlandajo, the goldsmith painter, who taught Michael Angelo or Perugino, who taught Raphael, is, as I heard a jocose English traveler colloquially observe—"A poor ha'porth of cheese."

Leaving all sorts of gloomy pictures unnoticed behind me, I soon learned to see the thoughtful yet happy innocence of Murillo's virgins, though I thought the golden, perpetual sunlight of the "napkin" picture, rather too much of a hot chestnut tone of brown; but I suppose, to the end of time, lovers will call red hair auburn and golden, and one cannot be severe on a critic who suffers from a short delirium of good-nature.

For my part I prefer the little picture, (though it is an allegory) which I saw yesterday over the altar of the small chapel, of the Guardian Angel, in the dim Cathedral of Seville. The angel, in a yellow girt-up robe and purple mantle, points to Heaven with one hand; and, with the other, leads on a little lively, tripping, yet sturdy child—emblem of the human soul. I was walking round the little episcopal dens of chapels, reading the frontispiece pictures that are panelled above their entrances, when I saw this divine picture.

Now the picture, where a covey of thirty-three cherubims, who continually keep flying probably because they are unable to sit, and who shower down on Saint Francis the red and white roses picked from the briars with which he has been scourging himself, I have never seen; nor have I the picture of the child telling Saint Augustine that he will no more explain the mystery of the Trinity than he could put the sea into a finger-hole in the sand-pit; but I never hope to see a finer picture than the Charity of the Thomas of Villanueva—the pearl of the gallery—the most ambitious and inventive in composition, the most refined and varied in expression, which Murillo used to call fondly, "Sulienzo (his own picture)." It is merely the Saint in sharp white mitre and black robes stooping at the door of his cathedral distributing alms to a crowd of Spanish beggars.

It took Bartholomew Stephen Murillo a long life, with his black cataract of hair streaming down from his broad full forehead over his shoulders, before he could paint these lean-limbed bandaged Sevillian beggars so well. He could not have quite done this painted argument for Charity when for covering his school-books with saints and virgins, he was sent to his kinsman, Juan del Castello, to look at art afar off, while rinsing brushes and grinding colours. He appears here grown somewhat, since by the red braiser in winter, or under the court-yard awning in summer, he copied Torrigiano's *Mano de la Teta*, or stripped his brown arms that his fellow-students might copy them in conjunction with pots and pans, melons and peaches, quails and herons. He has grown since, with a burning brow, when his master's school removed to Cadiz, he had to stroll about in the Thursday markets, amid stale fish, fruit, old iron, and pottery with muleteers, gipsies, and mediant friars to sell his cheap daubs of Saint Onoprius, Saint Christophers, our Lady of Carmels, to captains of ships and South American exporters. Think of the poor painter, now an orphan, starting to Madrid on foot to petition the court painter Velasquez to help him on the road to Rome, whither he is never destined to go. Now we see why he, who sometimes painted an archangel playing the liddle to Saint Francis, San Diego, blessing a basin of soup, and the soul of that villain Philip the Second ascending to heaven in a globe of fire, loved these naked cripples that he has here strewn round the gentle prelate with the starched mitre, and we see where he sat to notice that happy knavish beggar-boy, not much warped from his first innocence, who runs to his care-worn mother to show her the marvelled which the good almoner has put into his hand.

And that this is one of the old market-place recollections we know, because the original sketch of the same good Archbishop of Valencia dividing his clothes among some poor children, was actually picked up at the Seville Feria by an English collector. Murillo was not an imaginative man, and his real subjects are simply street children, virgins, and saints. Of art-learning he had little; but he had what no academy can give—heart. He painted from that, and not from his head. Of head painters we know many; but only one heart painter.

How deliciously the rosy flesh of the children contrasts with the soft ascetic darkness of the prelate's robes and the rich transparent browns, deep without being clotty or glutinous of the background. What a bright serene nature shines through this picture that preaches so loudly of charity! Murillo, himself a father, loved to paint the Child Saviour in conjunction with thin-faced saints, who have shut themselves out from so large a branch of sympathy with the world as paternity implies; for, in this same room he has twice painted Saint Anthony and the Infant Jesus; in one picture standing; in another, sitting on the open folio which the unhappy hermit, who needed the purging of so much temptation, has lately been annotating. Murillo has achieved the difficult task of making the Infant Saviour beam with a divine intelligence and yet a perfect child.—Whether painting the angels, cooking the Franciscan's dinner, the good Queen of Hungary healing the celebrated scald-head, or the jar of white lilies in the Saint Anthony picture that church-going sparrows have been known to peck at, Murillo never painted children more beautiful than these. The only excuse for Mr. Raskin's sneer at the low vice and dusty feet of Murillo's beggar boys, is, that he has never been to Spain and seen any Murillos that are worth seeing.

I must not recapitulate all the charms of the picture of San Augustin, Saint Joseph, or the Dead Christ, or I shall be thought a greater bore than Schwartzlicht, who is bound by rule not to agree in admiring any painter till he is dead, and safely beyond the reach of envy.—Out of the hearing of damning biographies and contradictory eulogies. Else should I like to learnedly inflict on you the beauties of that best Conception (for Murillo is called *par excellence*, "the painter of conceptions"); the glory of that blue robe; the singularity of the crescent-moon the Virgin stands on; the rapture of that burst of saffron sunrise that brings out the pure, pitiful woman, with her arms meekly crossed upon her bosom, and her serene, adoring eyes turned exultingly heavenward. It is the vision of a child-betrothed, dead on the eve of marriage.

And now, having seen the pictures in the old convent, we stroll off with a guide—in fact, our old friend Rose, who assures the "gentlemons" that if we give ourselves to him, he would show us all the wonders of the world for four dollars—to the Hospital of the Brotherhood of the Charity, where there are more Murillos, particularly that truly Spanish picture, *The Thirst*. This building was revived in the seventeenth century, by Don Miguel Vicentolo, a knight of Calatrava, who was converted by a great light from heaven on his way, in a fit of anger, to scold a toll-collector at the gates of Seville who had refused to let some hams of his pass. A few crowns left him by a beggar began the work, which is at once a soup-kitchen, a refuge for the houseless, an almshouse and a hospital. Murillo painted for the church of this hospice, at the instigation of his friend, the charitable Don, no fewer than eleven pictures.—The ceiling is a forest of ornaments. The dome is like a gold cup hung up to serve as a bell. The altar is a pile of twisted pillars and carving. The pulpit is a little gilt goblet, with a flower-stalk base. The two great pictures of Murillo still hang facing each other with quiet critical approval under the cornices and window beneath the dome, and above the side chapel; where priests all day bow and kneel. They are sketchy, low-toned pictures, not very luminous or brilliant, but full of nature and of the thirsty passion of a hot,

drouthy country. The huge brown rock divides the "Sed" picture in two. Moses, in a violet robe, thanks the Almighty for the copious torrent splashing down its music-water among the fifteen bystanders, among whom is Aaron grateful yet amazed. Those sixteen jars and pans show a passionate thirst of which Englishmen have only read—thirst become a lust and desire, which destroys even a mother's affection. There is a mother draining out a jug, and straining back her head to keep the child in her arms from the coveted treasure. There is a less suffering mother giving her youngest and more helpless child to drink, and restraining the elder Esau from the cup he so ravenously desires. Then there is the mounted boy, and there are the children holding up their pitchers entreatingly to be filled. Then come camels and mules, dogs and sheep, all parched and pining for the draught: and, in the distance, winding down among the rocks, more thirsty people and more thirsty animals. The miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is as badly composed as its fellow is admirably put together ("Quite cut in two," grumbles Schwartzlicht, delighted to find something to condemn, because praise is elevating another man, blame lowering another man); but still admirable for its old women, young women, and children.

And while we look at these pictures in the silent church some paupers in their hospital dress are playing dominoes with stolid eagerness on a bench and the sister of charity in the blue robe and white starched cowl who has silently led us into the chapel, is praying on her knees beside the pulpit, the round ebony beads running through her thin fingers, as with rapt eyes she stares vacantly at the curious carved and colored Crucifixion which forms the altarpiece. And now that we have seen the two little panels of Our Saviour and Saint John and the carrion bishop in his cloth of gold which Murillo said to the arrogant painter Valdez Real requires you to hold your nose as you look at it, we snatch one glimpse at the midnight view of the angel helping San Juan de Dios to carry a sick man on his shoulders. The good woman rises slips the key from her belt, receives our fee with a silent bend of the head—as much as to say, He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord—and lets us out once more into the quiet cloister.

I feel better that night as I sit in my red-tiled bedroom at the hotel, and read at my little iron table slatted with marble, thinking of the gentle generous painter of Seville—the aims-giving, heaven-taught painter of heavenly things, of whom it was recorded as the noblest eulogy upon his tombstone (long since ground to pieces by the ponderous wheels of bullying French cannon)—that he ever lived as if about to die.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

BY MISS KATE FIELDS.

(Concluded.)

There is no common ground upon which Rachel and Ristori can meet. Their conceptions of Phèdre may be compared, but not their genius. Ristori makes a *tour de force* of what with Rachel was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. She is noble in it; her reading is beautiful, as it ever is; and some of her points, particularly in the fourth act, are fine; but we do not feel a character. Ristori's large humanity speaks through it all, and we heartily wish that "Phèdre" had never been translated. Rachel was fifteen years in mastering the idea of this wretched daughter of the monster of Pasiphaë. How useless, then, to look for an equal work of art from a foreigner, with whom the part is a comparatively recent assumption! Independently of predestined genius, Rachel's figure eminently fitted her for the rendering of Greek tragedy. Drapery hung upon her as it hangs upon no other human being, her

very physical defects making her the more exquisitely statuesque. Rachel's effects depended greatly upon her poses—her poses depended upon her drapery, the management of which had been one of her profoundest studies. She knew the secrets of every crease in her mantle. Every movement was the result of thoughtful premeditation. A distinguished painter once said to us: "I never studied my art more carefully than I studied Rachel. I watched her before and behind the curtain, and so narrowly, that, while one action was going on, I could see her finger's quietly, and to all appearances unconsciously, making the folds by which she shortly after produced a beautiful effect in what the public considered a spontaneous pose." This is plastic art, and Rachel was mistress of it. Of course, Ristori has little or none of it in "Phèdre." Impulse is death to it, and no amount of pictorial genius will produce results for which years of practice, as well as of thought, are required. Rachel, too, looked the

"Objet infortuné des vengeances célestes."

Her head was classic, that small deep-set brown eye, burned with a silent intensity. You saw before you the victim of the wrath of Venus, exhausted, burnt out by the fire of a horrible passion:—

"C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée."

Rachel fully realized Phèdre's daring confession to Hippolyte,

"J'ai langui, j'ai séché dans les feux, dans les larmes."

She was a Pagan, controlled by influences outside of herself. There was nothing of to-day about her. From first to last, she put three thousand years between the auditorium and the stage. She was a fate; she glided, she did not walk. She held attention by magnetism, not by gesticulation. You saw wonderful art, and were awe-struck. This is the only feeling Phèdre can excite when consummately done. It must be as Rachel did it, or it must not be at all. Yet we have heard a great foreign critic—one whom it is audacious to dispute—deny that Rachel's interpretation was complete as a whole. "Nothing in this world could be greater than her fourth act; but in the first act she gave too much the effect of a dying person to go through with all the succeeding action and emotion, and in the second act there was too much of Potiphar's wife to be in keeping with the Phèdre of Racine." When doctors disagree, who shall decide?

Remembering Alfieri's masterpiece, however, we feel that we have been unjust to Ristori in confining her genius to the picturesque. What "Phèdre" is to the French, "Mirra" is to the Italian stage. The latter is, if possible, more difficult of creation, being the most repulsive of heathen subjects, and written with a frigidity that even Racine never dreamed of. Alfieri materially changes mythology, by making his Mirra guilty in thought only. Through four long acts she embodies the one fearful passion of incestuous love for her father, against which she struggles, for which she loathes herself, but to which she is doomed by Venus, under whose curse she lives and dies. Where, in the last act, Ciriaco insists upon knowing the cause of his daughter's mysterious suffering, and her vindictive tempter forces a disclosure of her crime in the insinuating words,

"Oh madre mia felice! almen concesso  
A lei sarà—di morire—al tuo fianco,"—

the expression of Ristori's face and her delivery of these two lines were inexpressibly thrilling; and the gesture with which the dying girl implored Ciriaco to conceal from her mother her impious revelation, was worthy of being perpetuated in everlasting marble. Ristori triumphed over the well-nigh unattainable. "Tu seras reine!" said Intermari, Ristori's great predecessor in this character. Five years later the pupil fulfilled her

teacher's prediction, when Paris looked in wonder upon her Mirra, and the French government offered her the position at the Theatre Français which Rachel had resigned on going to America. "I cannot renounce my nationality, nor will honor permit me to accept what belongs by right to a great artist," was Ristori's noble reply. "Notre langue est trop pauvre pour exprimer la valeur de cette femme," declared Lamartine, after witnessing this extraordinary performance. And what said Rachel herself, who went *incognito* to see her rival? "Cette femme me fait mal! cette femme me fait mal!" and, greatly excited, left the theatre before the conclusion of the tragedy.

Much has been written and more said against the morality of "Mirra." As Ristori portrays the heroine, it is impossible to take offence. By the purity of her conception, she absolutely excites the sympathy of her audience. You see before you beauty and virtue condemned to sin by destiny, and not until that final glance which Mirra expiates in suicidal death does Venus gain the mastery over principle. We have nothing but repugnance to bestow upon both "Phèdre" and "Mirra" as plays, even though they take a high rank as literature; but we most certainly stand in awe of the genius that can personate either Phèdre or Mirra, and we thoroughly understand why great artists should aspire to this office. Public morals will never be the worse for their representation. Both are fabulous, both are victims, and upon both falls the vengeance of retributive justice. It is the jubilant triumph of *possible* vice, in such plays as too often degrade the modern French stage, at which the public censor would do well to take exception.

Apart from the complete dissimilarity of Rachel and Ristori, and the consequent injustice toward both of regarding one in comparison with the other, it is our faith that Rachel was the greater artist and that Ristori is the greater genius. As has already been stated, Rachel was educated in the purest school of art. With the exception of three years' intercourse with La Marchionni and Vestris, both fine Italian actresses, and a few months of study with Internari, Ristori is indebted to no outside influences for her art. It is then probable that in details Rachel was less faulty than Ristori is. The actress who confines her study to half a dozen characters is far more likely to achieve artistic perfection, than she who, with even greater genius, spreads her time and thought over a larger surface. "Genius is in a certain sense infallible, and has nothing to learn; but art is to be learned, and must be acquired by practice and experience." Rachel held you spellbound; it was the fascination of a snake. She acted with her head. Ristori inspires, love, and consequently there is color in all that she does. Rachel froze: Ristori brings tears. One was intense, and the other is passionate. Rachel was French, and Ristori is Italian—which may also account for the greater art of the one and for the greater genius of the other.

"Ristori!" wrote Jules Janin—"she is tragedy itself. She is comedy itself. She is the drama." What Shakespeare is among dramatists, Ristori is among actors. Both are universal, both can laugh and weep at will. Reviewing the career of the great players of the world, we can recall none possessed of Ristori's wonderful versatility. Garrick was admirable both in tragedy and comedy, but we have knowledge of no woman who excelled in each. Mrs. Siddons was great in a few characters. Praise was not awarded to her Juliet; she acted Ophelia but once; her Rosalind was "total without archness;" she was pronounced "too tragic" in Murphy's comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," and "not good" in Lady Townley. William Godwin said of her that she "condescended in comedy;" Bannister, that her inspiration was too weighty for it; and George Colman likened her in it to "a frisking Gog." It is impossible for us to conceive of the highest order of dramatic genius without the combination of light and shade, and we believe it was no accident that made jovial Bacchus the god of tragic poets. Setting the classical drama aside, which

is pure tragedy, there is always an element of at least high comedy in the most serious dramatic compositions. For ourselves we hold comedy in great respect, and have grave doubts of the truth of acting that can only produce effects in harrowing moments. Togas and doublets may deceive but frock-coats and blouses come within the comprehension of even the groundlings, and are not to be put on hastily. "Eh! eh!" exclaimed Garrick, when Bannister informed him of his intention to renounce tragedy for comedy; "why, no, don't think of that; you may humbug the town for some time longer as a tragedian; but *comedy is a serious thing*, so don't try it!"

In Italy it is exacted of the *prima donna* that she be competent to perform comedy as well as tragedy, and for years Ristori's attention was divided between the two. She is such a *comédienne* as Peg Woffington or Mrs. Jordan must have been. See her in Goldoni, or in the *petite comédie* of "I Gelosi Fortunati," wherein a husband and wife, both equally and unreasonably jealous, play at cross-purposes, and you would declare that Montus was the only god of her idolatry, and that tragedy would spoil a face whose smile is irresistible, and whose laugh is brimful of merriment. Ristori's manner, too, is so high-bred, and her tone so colloquial, that her acting becomes downright reality.

Leaving Alfieri and Goldoni, and entering upon the romantic, Ristori's genius shines with additional lustre; and were not our present aim generalization rather than detail, we could find ample material for as many essays as there are characters in her *repertoire*. In Ristori's Elisabetta and Marie Stuart historical characterization has reached its climax. Anathema can with difficulty transcend the solemn power of her malediction in Mosenthal's "Deborah," and passionate love culminates in her Francesca da Rimini. It is almost impossible to conceive of more marvellous facial expression than that of Ristori in Camma, and poetry can never be more beautifully rendered than by this grand priestess, when, listening to the exquisitely pathetic music of her bard, the gates of Paradise are disclosed in a vision, and she expires with the name of her lover upon her lips. It seems as though her very soul escaped from her body in the passionate ecstasy of that final recognition and exclamation, "Sinato!" There are moments in life and art which transcend language. This is one of them. It is a thrill of inspiration; it is a sensation for which there can be no description.

The "Medea" recalls us to Greece, but not to sculpture; for by her own confession the dread niece of Circe is a creature of impulse and passion, with a pure animal love for her children. In Ristori's Medea we see what Balzac would call "an adorable fury," none the less true to character because of the absence of repose. "We are not to suppose," argues Schlegel, "that the Greeks were contented with a cold and spiritless representation of the passions. How could we reconcile such a supposition with the fact, that whole lines of their tragedies are frequently dedicated to inarticulate exclamations of pain, with which we have nothing to correspond in any of our modern languages?" In Medea there must be continued action, there must be color; and, perhaps, Rachel was right in preferring a law-suit and its damages to assuming a *rolé* totally opposed to the school she so faultlessly embodied. "Rachel killed me; you have restored me to life," wrote Legouvé in Ristori's album.

And Lady Macbeth! The spirit of Shakespeare has descended upon Ristori, through whom we see one of the grandest characters of dramatic literature. Her Lady Macbeth is powerful in intellect, beautiful in affection, first a woman, and then a queen, a "splendid fiend" during the "hurly-burly" of terrible plotting, but a true wife when the foul deed is done. Ristori hails "Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor," with a tenderness of tone we never heard before, and, as soon as the situation will permit, makes you realize why Lady Macbeth exerted so powerful an influence over her husband. You see that she possesses woman-

ly fascinations, that her heart, so far as he is concerned, is as large as her brain, and that, while she is the dearest partner of his greatness, the brightest jewel in her crown is widely devotion. No gentle counselling could be gentler than Ristori's

"You lack the season of all nature, sleep!"

and the unspeakable pathos which she puts into the simple action of laying Macbeth's hand upon her shoulder, as she leads him from the stage, is never to be forgotten. The entire harmony between the guilty pair is told in this sadly beautiful exit. Ristori's sleep-walking scene is a wonderfully solemn vision of retribution. The twenty-two lines of the dramatist becomes a five-act tragedy. It is the thrilling, terrible picture of a guilty, heart-broken woman on her way to the grave. There is none of the horrible and conventional gasping, but just sufficient hardness of breathing to denote somnambulism and approaching dissolution; for Ristori evidently, and we think properly, believes that Lady Macbeth died by no suicidal hand, but of that disease to which none could minister. There never was such a washing of the hands; there never was queen so quickly transformed into a spirit of Dante's hell; there never was more fearful remorse, more pitiful heart-rending sighs. And her final exit in the fatal flicker, before the going out of the candle; it is the summing up of all the horrible past, a concentration of superhuman power into one moment of superb action! Ignorant of English, with no knowledge of "Macbeth" but what she has obtained from an inferior translation, Ristori has made the part of Lady Macbeth her own. It is the interpretation of Shakspeare's soul!

Italy, the first country of antiquity to bring disgrace upon the profession of acting, has never had a national theatre. It is a just retribution for the brand put upon actors by Julius Cæsar in depriving them of civil rights. What are Alfieri and Goldoni—the one only fitted for the closet, the other superficial and monotonous—compared with the dramatists of England and Spain, or even those of France and Germany? Confined to the Italian theatre, Ristori's power would, in a great measure, be lost. The great void has been partially filled by translations, but it is sad to think how much greater than she is Ristori might have been, had Italy produced a Shakspeare, or had adequate translations of our master been put before her at the beginning of her career.

We hear the well-known voice of that "extraordinary man whom nothing can please," Procacciant, saying, "Praise is not criticism. He is no critic that does not find fault. Where are your butts and ifs?" True. Where are our butts and ifs? Many years ago a noble writer of noble English went to see Edmund Kean in Richard III. Upon returning home he wrote a criticism worthy of both author and actor, and, hearing the approach of this same Procacciant, closed his beautiful tribute with the following burst of generous and righteous indignation:—"It is a low and wicked thing to keep back from merit its due; and I do not know more miserable beings than those who, instead of feeling themselves elevated and made happy by another's excellence, and having a blessed consciousness of belonging to the same race with him, turn envious at his distinction, and feel as if the riches of his intellect made the poverty of theirs."

"O what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!"

I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Kean for the good which the little I have seen of him has done my mind and heart. Would that what I could say might at all repay him. His genius in his calling has a right to our highest praise; nor does an ardent enthusiasm of what is great argue such an unhappy want of discrimination as that measured and cold approval which is bestowed alike upon men of mediocrity and those of gifted minds." Would that we were a Dana, to do equal justice to Ristori!

"There is nothing more rare than a truly great

player," says the German critic. That phenomenon is now among us. Not to give her a graceful recognition would be to prove ourselves unworthy of a gift with which God so seldom endows humanity. Heartily, then, do we thank Ristori that she was not content to close her artistic career without coming to America. The Drama, when properly directed, is no less a civilizer than the Church. It remains with the public to say whether it shall be reduced to a frivolous amusement, or elevated to the rank of high art. Ristori has proved to us how capable the dramatic profession is of the most exalted influence over mind and heart, and how noble may be its experiments. She has been a missionary of art. We do not assert that she is perfection, we do not say she is at all times equally great; but take her for all in all, as a woman and as an artist, we do say, in the words of the message that Charlotte Cushman sends across the Atlantic, "The world does not hold her equal."

#### VERDI'S NEW OPERA, "DON CARLOS."

On the 9th of March there was a grand rehearsal, and on Monday, 12th, it was produced. The Emperor and Empress just arrived as the second act was commencing, and were received with the warmest acclamation. His Majesty was in an evening dress, with the insignia of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. The Empress was attired in white satin, wearing a necklace, ear-rings and diadem, composed of brilliants, alternating with emeralds; in the corsage was a simple camelia. The Princess Mathilde was in the box of the late Marchioness Aguado, between the two Princesses, daughters of the Prince of Canino. The two last ladies were in white, and the Princess Mathilde in a robe of blue muslin. The toilettes in general were white, rose, or blue, the rose predominating. There were some bright crimson dresses, one being worn by Mlle. Patti, with a rose in her hair for only ornament. The Princess de Metternich, M. and Mme. Fould, the Duchess of Hamilton, Mustapha Pacha, and all the notabilities in politics, literature, and high Parisian society were present at the representation. The libretto, by M. Mery and M. Camille du Locle, has been based on Schiller's immortal tragedy, and was thus cast:

Elizabeth de Velois ..	{ Queen of Spain }	Mme. Marie Saas
La Princess Eboli ..		Mme. Guymard-Lauters
La Comtesse d'Arenberg ..		Mlle. Dominique
Thibault (the Queen's page) ..		Mlle. Leveillé
Philippe II. (King of Spain) ..		M. Obin
Don Carlos (his son) ..		M. Morete
Rodrigue Marquis de Posa ..		M. Faure
The Grand Inquisitor ..		M. David
The Monk ..		M. Castlemayr
Le Comte de Lerme ..		M. Gaspard
Flemish Deputies, Inquisitors, Grandees, Officers, Pages, Queen's Attendants, &c.		

It will be seen from the above lists that French poets have dispensed with Schiller's two fine creations, the cruel Duke of Alva and the wily confessor to the King, Domingo. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Duke of Feria, Don Raimond de Taxis, the Prince of Parma, Don Louis Mercado, the Queen's physician, the child the Infanta Clara Farnese, the Duchess d'Olivarez, the Countess Fuentes, and the Marchioness de Mondedecar, all subordinate parts, more or less, in Schiller's play, are not brought into the operatic version. The French adapters have retained the ideal of the Stuttgart poet; they have not at all accepted the authentic attributes of the vile character of Don Carlos, whom Alfieri and Schiller have so exalted, and who have treated the Infanta so tenderly. The opera opens not in the gardens of Aranjuez, as in Schiller, but in the forest of Fontainebleau, in a kind of prologue, which gives in action what is narrated in the German tragedy—namely, the courtship of the daughter of Henry II., of France, by Don Carlos, who accompanies the Count de Lerme, the Ambassador of Philip II. of Spain to the King of France. The lovers are affianced, but, unfortunately for them, the

signature of peace between France and Spain is only secured by the betrothal of the Princess de Velois to the father of Don Carlos, Henry II., consigning his daughter to Philip II. In the second act, the curtain rises in Spain, in the cloisters of St. Just, where the tomb of the great Charles V. is seen. Don Carlos imagines that he recognizes his grandfather in the monk who is praying at the monument, the belief being that the spectre of the Spanish monarch was wont to wander with his golden cuirass under the monkish robes through the convent. Then comes the noble Posa on the scene, arriving from Flanders, burning with the desire to free the oppressed country from the cruel yoke of Alva. Don Carlos tells the secret of his soul, that he still loves the Elizabeth who is now his stepmother. Posa essays to persuade Don Carlos to fly to Flanders to avoid the consequences of this fatal passion. The next stage set is a site in the vicinity of St. Just, where the Princess Eboli with the ladies of honor await the return of the Queen from the convent, where she had gone to pray. On the arrival of her Majesty, Posa has the interview with her, in which he persuades her to receive Don Carlos. Then is the incident of the King's sudden arrival after Don Carlos has disappeared, and the monarch, incensed at finding the Queen alone, banishes the Countess d'Arenberg to France for her neglect of Spanish etiquette, which exacts that royalty shall never be left to herself or himself. A pale transcript follows of Schiller's famous scene between Philip and Posa, in which the revolutionary philosopher gains such ascendancy over the bigotted King. There are two tableaux in the third act—the first in the Queen's gardens, in which is the inevitable *divertissement* of the French grand opera. M. Petipa is the arranger of the Queen's ballet, called "La Peregrina," in which figure La Reine des Eaux, La Perle Blanche, La Perle Rose, La Perle Noire, un Pêcheur, les Perles in general, and "Les Vagues" indefinitely. The chief dancers, Mmes. Beaugrand, A. Merante, Ribet, Marquet, M. Merante, &c., exhibit their *lours de force* in the *bal*.

The action of the opera next matches by the Queen giving her mantle and mask to the Princess Eboli, and Don Carlos, deceived by the disguise, makes ardent vows to the latter, but finds out his mistake only to be conscious that his secret is known to a rival whose anger and hatred are unbounded, she having imagined that Don Carlos loved her.

The next scene is the Plaza in front of the cathedral of Valladolid, with the King's Palace. There is the spectacle of an *auto da fe* in the presence of the entire Court. The awful sacrifice is interrupted by the presentation of the Flemish deputies by Don Carlos. The King treats them as rebels, and orders the Infante to be disarmed, as he defends them, which is done by Posa himself, when the royal guard hesitates to touch the King's son. This is, of course, the occasion for one of Verdi's grand finales.

In the fourth act is the scene between the King and the Grand Inquisitor, the latter requiring Posa as a victim for his heresy, which, however, Philip declines. Then is the Queen's denunciation of the persons who have stolen her jewel case. The King produces and opens it, and there is the portrait of Don Carlos. It is the Princess Eboli who has stolen the casket; but she is horror struck at the consequences, and in a duet with the Queen asks her pardon, Elizabeth giving her the alternative of exile or a convent. The scene changes to the prison of Don Carlos. Posa arrives to save his friend, having caused the secret papers referring to the proposed revolt in Flanders to be found at his house. Posa is shot dead in Don Carlos's sight, but has a scena to inform the Infante that the Queen is expecting him at St. Just. This act ends with the reproaches addressed by Don Carlos to his father for the sacrifice of Posa, the finale being rendered imposing by the revolt of the people who are awed by the *sangfroid* of Philip, sustained by the tone of the Grand Inquisitor.

The fifth act is short and is in St. Just. There